

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

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JOBS BIOGRAPHY
WOULD PROBABLY HAVE TO
BE REVISED IF HE WERE
CONFRONTED WITH THE
TAX ON THE COUVERT CHARGE.

**WHY DOES THIS
LADY PAY A LUXURY TAX
ON HER FIGURE?**

**WHILE
THIS ONE
DOES NOT?**
(OF CORSETS
NOT FAIR)

**THE BEGGAR:
DON'T FORGET
THE WAR TAX, SIR.**

**LYING ABOUT
YOUR INCOME
IS GENERALLY REGARDED
AS A PARDONABLE PECCADILLO.**

**JONES
HITS ON AN
IDEA TO AVOID
TAXES.**

Taxes

Why Is a Tea Pink? Is Debate Disturbing D. C. Social Leaders

Why is a pink tea pink? Why not a yellow tea, a red tea, or a green tea?

Well, the dictionary doesn't shed much light on the subject. "Tea is a shrub," it says. Anybody, who has been to a pink tea, knows that is not true.

A baby Grand, two pink candles on the mahogany mantel, the butter passing tea to ladies in chiffon, and hushed, subdued conversation—that's pink tea. And there is usually an elderly gentleman, with a pink face, white hair, and moustache, paying pretty compliments as he flutters about.

Says the society editor:
"It's the pink atmosphere that makes a pink tea pink. Pink cheeks, pink candles, pink gowns, pink sofa pillows. It is the color scheme of the drawing room and the decoration, generally in use today."

MRS. COLBY GIVES RULING.
Mrs. Bainbridge Colby, wife of the Secretary of State, who has presided officially over many social functions, gives her official opinion. She said:
"Why is a pink tea pink? Well, now, let's see. To tell you the truth, I really don't know. I suppose it is the pink cheeks."

Mrs. J. Cracke Vanderwooster says that pink teas were not always pink. They used to be yellow and green, and every color of the rainbow, but a certain drawing room scientist decreed any color but pink was hard on the eye.

So pink teas became the vogue in fashionable drawing rooms, and the color scheme was changed. As far as interior decoration of the place was concerned, no change was necessary. Mrs. Vanderwooster does not recall the name of the far-famed scientist, but he was a charming man.

Thus, social Washington gives its opinion, and it is said that "pink" came there, pink cheeks, and a scientist, who was not a scientist, but a "pink" rest, but not true," says the librarian at the Library of Congress. "Why there have been pink teas from the time of Shakespeare. And there used to be pink knights, pink ladies, pink dinner parties. Color schemes, scientists, and all that have nothing to do with the pink teas, as far as I can see."

USED IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
The word "pink" was first used in the sixteenth century, in a poem by John Marston, a contemporary of Shakespeare, to mean delicate, and

Hard Times Postpones Man's Sentence Until Spring

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—The Federal court took judicial notice yesterday of the hardships that would result to a workingman's family should the bread winner be removed from it with winter coming on. Chester K. Corthell, of Lynn, who as a brakeman on the Boston and Maine railroad stole cigarettes from freight cars in interstate commerce, was up for sentence before Judge Morton.

The judge announced an intention of imposing a jail sentence on the man, then said he recognized that it would cause hardship to the family to do it now and sent the prisoner home, with the word that he would be sentenced some time next spring.

exquisite. It was used a century ago in London social circles to mean fashionable and smart, the original meaning changing.

"Pink meant in the time of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, fashionable. A pink affair was a fashionable affair. A knight who dressed in the latest mode was referred to as a pink knight." A fashionable woman was called a "pink lady."

"And the meaning of 'pink,' as applied to social functions, is the same today as when it was first used 100 years ago. A pink tea man," as spoken of today, is still the fashionable man of society, as the pink knight was, and a pink tea affair of today is still the fashionable affair of pink society."

So "a pink tea is an exquisite, delicate, fashionable affair," according to the librarian, who has the whole library of Congress to draw on for the information. And, after all, nobody told the delicate elixir of "pink" pink tea. It just grew there.

HEARD AND SEEN By BILL'S SPARE TIRE

HOGGING THE COLUMN.
(By Normie.)
I'd think I was
A clever sop,
If this were printed
At the top.
(To be continued.)

JUST SONGS.
"Dearie"—"Within the Garden of My heart" there's a "Dawn of Love" for "Just You." It's a "Wonderful Thing"—and I'm "Just a 'Wearin' for You" "Because" "My Sweetheart" "I'm Simply Crazy Over You." "Sweetheart"—"I Know of Two Bright Eyes" that say "Love Me at Twilight"—of a "Heart and Flowers" "Whispering Hope" of "Nights of Gladness" and of "Love That Rages" for a "Night of Kisses"—"Sighing" "Hold Me in Your Arms" and "Kiss Me." "Darling"—"I Can't Live Without You." "I'm Crying for You"—"For You Alone" "Take Me for Better or Worse" "Fare You Well"—"I'm Sorry"—"For a Kiss So 'Love' Here is My Heart" with a "Love Divine." "All Love Excelling." "Pretty Baby"—"Was Your Eyes, Your Lips, Your Heart?" But only "A Dream"—"Just a Dream of You, Dear."

"When I Met You Last Night in Dream-land" after a "Sail On" "Dream Visions" to the "Isle of Love" "I Gave My Heart to You" "You Said Something" that sounded like "You Made Me Love You." And then "For One Fleeting Hour" we were "One Heart, One Mind, One Soul." "Bygones be Bygones" but leave me "Memories of the Land of Love" that "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." So I "Sleep, Little Baby Mine" knowing "Somewhere, My Love Lies Dreaming" and the "Consolation" that soon I'll be "Drifting" "Over the Waves" "On the Sunken Sea" to this "Isle of Love" and know that "Somebody Knows" they're "My Ideal" and that "Somebody Cares." "Somebody" I'll understand "Love's" "Sorrow" and "Who Knows" but that "Love Will Find a Way" for you.

And now "Goodnight, Wonderful Girl, Goodnight." "Sometime" "If You Ever Get Lonely" write me "A Letter" and you'll find "Sympathy" for "There's Someone More Lonely Than You." "Some Sweet Day, Bye and Bye." "I'll Sing the Song of Love"—"Love's Old, Sweet Song"—to "Somebody Knows" they're "My Ideal" and that "Somebody Cares." "Somebody" I'll understand "Love's" "Sorrow" and "Who Knows" but that "Love Will Find a Way" for you.

A TOAST.
Here's to the man who likes his job,
And likes his job alone.
For many a man likes another man's job.
When he should be liking his own.
E. F. J.

V. C. POPPESAN writes from college at Columbia, Mo., that he is still getting The Times and reading it backward so as to get H & S first. He wishes the fans a bright and happy future.

BEE says the finest thing she has seen in Washington was a girl feeding pigeons and squirrels on the Capitol lawn.

THE AGE OF DISCRETION.



He—Whom are you voting for?
She—SIR, I am too young to vote!

THEATER JAZZ.
IRENE met the
FAMOUS MRS. FAIR
AND CINDERELLA ON BROADWAY
And they decided they
Would call it LADIES' NIGHT
And they went to
THE NIGHT BOAT to take
A trip WAY DOWN EAST
They thought it would be
A MIDNIGHT PROLOGUE
To get away from
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK
On the boat they saw
THE BAD MAN AND THE BAT
And a lot of CROOKED GAMBLERS
And some SCRAMBLED WIVES
And other MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS
And when they saw IRENE
They thought she was
THE POOR LITTLE RITZ GIRL
And they said WELCOME STRANGER
AND ENTER MADAME AND
Some men on the lower deck
Yelling COME SEVEN
And she exclaimed
This is one of the
SCANDALS OF 1920 or I must
Be SEEING THINGS.
TICKLE ME said THE BAD MAN
This is a HAPPY-GO-LUCKY party
AS YOU WERE she screamed
And she fainted and they had
TO CALL THE DOCTOR.

TRANSFER NEEDED.
Mrs. Chevy to Mrs. Chase: "My husband doesn't treat me very good."
Mrs. Chase: "What's your husband's occupation?"
Mrs. Chevy: "He's a conductor."
Mrs. Chase: "Well, get a transfer."
JAMES KEATING.

SEEN IN HOLYOKE LUNCH ROOM.
Don't make fun of our coffee. You may be old and weak some day.
Use one helping of sugar and stir like hell.
We don't mind the noise.
These spoons are not like the doctor's medicines—to be taken after each meal.
R. S. Jr.

A COLUMN OF COLUMNS.

The other day as I propped my spinal column against the column of a porch and gazed at the columned trees around and the columned clouds above, with "columbine innocence," I reflected on the columnar nature of some things. I meditated on the art of columnation, on the various kinds of columnarities, and on columnated things in general. And musing thus, I said to myself, "there are columns and columns, and columns. We have architectural, arithmetical, anatomical, military, and typographical columns; history speaks of columns ancient and ruined, columns nameless forevermore, and fifty columns 'pointing at the skies'; and there are many other kinds of columns fair, mean, and indifferent. But of all the columns that ever were or are, the greatest column of them all is 'HEARD AND SEEN'."

AD. IN LOCAL PAPER.
LOST—Bartender with experience. 904 Pa. ave. n. w.

A REGULAR GIRL.
I want a girl who is good (and pretty.) Not so blamed good that she can't be witty.
I want a girl who is saving and thrifty.
But not so stingy that she can't dress nifty.

I want a girl who can talk well of course
Not one who talks till she talks herself hoarse.
I don't want a pippin, a peach, or a pearl.
But what I want is a REGULAR GIRL.

TRUTH.
Though our thoughts with useless words
Are often overgrown,
For the want of words our thoughts
Are often never known. HOMO.

YOU MEAN APOCALYPSE.
Mrs. Van Winkle would wake up and keep an eye on the three bicycle cops that flirt with all girls that walk around the Eclipse (is that what you call the thing in back of Wilson's Mansion?). Wonder if any of the readers have met the bull that has the F street beat and who polishes his badge every time he tells you to move on.
E. M. O'S.

WHILE THIS ONE DOES NOT?
(OF CORSETS NOT FAIR)

WEATHER REPORT.
Roll tops are giving way to wool socks. O. G.

I LIKE 'EM.
There are lots of men up my way:
God bless them.
Some girls have one for every day:
They like them.
But I'm a battling Suffragette:
I've never seen one I'd give 2 cents for yet.

I haven't missed very much, I bet;
But somehow, I like 'em.
CONGRESS HEIGHTS.

ON F STREET.
After SPENDING AN HOUR (no, I am not a C. E.) I'll say the girls are making it harder for the blind men every day.

THIS OUGHT TO WIN.
A little suburbanite was about to send the following letter to The Times in an effort to win the \$1 Economy prize.

DERE MISS CONOMY:
The lard gave out last night and Momma didn't have no grease to cook my fish in. But Brudder Bill is a cack. So Momma cut Bill's hair and squeezed it. The fish tasted fine.
Yours truly,
SIS PEGGY D.

WHAT BETTER EXAMPLE OF PERPETUAL MOTION than the earth?
Yet they say it's impossible.
MILO H.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?
The Equilibrat—A friend is a balancing pole without which it is impossible to walk the tight rope of life.

The Pretty Girl—A friend is a jewel that shines brightest in the darkness of misfortune.
The Booklover—A friend is a volume of sympathy with a silken binding.

The Jeweler—A friend is a gold link in the chain of life.
The Physician—A friend is a salve that heals the cuts of misfortune.
The Botanist—A friend is like ivy; the greater the ruin, the closer it clings.

SOLVE H. L.'S CHARADE.
Correct answers have been received from MRS. A. C. C., BOB CHEEKS, and JAZZ BEAU.

HOGGING THE COLUMN.
(Continued.)
But oh, the joy
That would be mine
If this were heard and
Seen's last line.
NORMIE.

Elinor Glyn, Seeking Super-Woover, Asserts She Was Once a Tiger

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 31.—Elinor Glyn, high priestess of the hectic lovmaking novel, arrived in Philadelphia yesterday, tiger skin and all, announced she was on the trail of a super-lover.

Several searching glances from her tawny colored eyes at the best Lotharios Chestnut and Broad streets had to offer sent the English writer back to her hotel satisfied that William Penn's town does not house the man she expects to rival her famous "Paul" as the modern 1920 model lovmaker.

But the failure of Philadelphia swains to measure up to the Glyn amorette standard will not halt the search. Far from it, Miss Glyn and her tiger skin are to give Tremont street and Commonwealth avenue a Boston their share of the double and a staid Athens of America fails to make good it will be "westward ho."

The tiger skin and its cause was explained by Miss Glyn as being a bit of stage setting for her "tiger mood."

Acorns ago the author of "Three Weeks" was a tigress. She says so herself.

TIGERS FASCINATE HER.
"I feel sure that I must once have been a tiger," she explained. "Tigers have had a peculiar fascination for me ever since I can remember. Even now I scarcely dare go into a zoological garden. I go immediately to the tiger's cages, and the impulse to crawl into the cage with them is almost too great to resist."

Miss Glyn called attention to the fact that her own appearance is remarkably like that of her favorite animal. Her hair is a rich burnished copper, like that of the orange stripes of the tiger, and her eyes are set like those of the great cat. Miss Glyn had just returned from her lunch, and declared that she and her companion amused themselves while waiting to be served deciding what animals were represented by the people sitting around them.

Miss Glyn announced that the finding of a superman is not her only errand in coming to the United States. Her chief reason for coming to this country at this time is to "take lessons" in scene writing. She will go to Los Angeles where she will study with the Lucky Company.

PROMISES MOVIE THRILLS.
"Scenario writers are not made over night, and I have no idea of springing to stardom," she said. "I expect to serve my apprenticeship as any other beginner. When I do learn, however, I promise that I shall

New York Hotels Reduce Table d'Hote Dinners to \$2.50 Each

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Armin W. Riley, chief of the Department of Justice "flying squadron" of profiteer hunters, yesterday announced slashing reductions in the prices of several big New York hotels and restaurants, which have "guilt the Hotel Men's Association of New York."

Reduction of prices for first-class hotel "special" table d'hote dinners from \$3.50 to \$2.50, already are in effect, Mr. Riley said, exhibiting menus sent him by establishments in the "White Light" district to bear out his announcement. Other items showed marked reduction, he added.

Substantial cuts in breakfast and luncheon prices also have been put into effect, Mr. Riley said, adding that hotel and restaurant operators had assured him that no reduction in food portions or service had been made to accompany the price slashes.

glive to the movies' scenarios that shall be true to life and really worth while.

When asked what she thought of the attempt on the part of some women politicians in America to create a "Women's Party," she exclaimed, "How absurd."

The League of Nations she spoke of as "fush" and "Utopian." "It is an ideal plan," she declared, "but one which will never work here on earth. People are far too human."

When asked what she thought of Edison's idea of creating a machine for communicating with the spirits of people who have died, she became intensely interested.